

Everything Has Changed

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Summary: Sequel to Take Me To The Other Side. Jack wakes up to a few pictures that blow his mind. But Hiccups gone. So what is he going to do? Jack's POV. Hijack. Modern AU. Rated M for language

Everything Has Changed

****Well I did it. I wrote a sequel to something. Why? Because I felt this deserved just a little more.****

****Warnings: malexmale. They're probably OOC a little bit.

****Disclaimer: I don't own them****

****Make sure to read Take Me To The Other Side before reading this.****

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><p>It wasn't a strange occurrence to wake up next to a half-naked Hiccup. In fact, after a night of drinking, I'd come to expect it. So when I finally managed to blink my eyes open I just stared at the ceiling above my head. I could feel the warmth practically radiating off of Hiccup. Hell, I would have felt it anyway if he wasn't clinging to my arm. But he was and I could feel myself sweating slightly where he touched me. Both of his arms were wrapped around one of mine while my other arm was tucked behind my head like a makeshift pillow.<p>

I glanced at the sleeping male beside me, my head thumping slightly from my hangover. It wasn't as bad as it usually was so I wondered how drunk I'd really gotten. I didn't remember much after my 6th shot. But that was pretty damn normal anyway. My eyes scanned over

the slumbering face of my friend. His eyes were closed in a peaceful manner but his adorable little button nose crinkled so fucking cutely that it was hard not to notice. His cheeks were scattered with freckles that framed his cheek bones in a way that made me just want to brush my fingers over them.

But of course I wouldn't do that. I let out a soft sigh and tore my eyes away from the slumber male curled against my side. I let my eyes slip shut and tried not to focus on the other beside me. But that was hard. It was always hard. Most of my friends liked to tease me about it. About how obvious it was that Hiccup wanted into my pants. Not that I blamed the kid, I mean. Have you seen me? Of course he wanted into my pants. Most everyone did. But that was all they ever wanted. So I stopped giving it so easily. Because what was the point in having a lot of sex if I wasn't really getting anything out of it? Except some really nice orgasms but that's not my point.

I believe it started about four months ago. That was when I first really saw Hiccup. He was this cute little shy guy in my European History class that I never really noticed. We'd been about two months into classes and I was doing pretty well with my life. I was studying hard, partying harder and had a swell group of supportive friends. I was twenty-one at the time, my birthday's passed since then, and my life was going in the right direction. I had no real complaints other than the fact that I couldn't actually land a girlfriend. Not a serious one anyway. Girls didn't really take me seriously and I supposed that was my own fault. But I was how I was and I sure as hell wasn't going to change just to land a girlfriend.

And then came Hiccup. He sat in the front of my class so I never really noticed him. I got there before him and he left before me. Never had much interaction with the boy and it didn't bother me. I wasn't one to make friends with people in my classes. But then, one day our professor wanted us to team up on a rather large project. It was rare for him to ask that and it suddenly felt like high school again. I wasn't friends with anyone in my class. So I just sat there, watching as people started pairing up and I began to wonder if I should get up and find someone or wait for someone to come to me.

Then, without even realizing he'd approached, Hiccup sat himself down in the empty chair next to me, placed his books on the table and flashed me the most adorable crooked smile I'd ever seen in my life. He asked to be partners and I didn't have a reason to say no. It all started there. He came to my apartment every night for two weeks for us to work on our project. He lived with about six other people and I only had one roommate so we thought it best to just work at my place.

For those two weeks, we worked our asses off. We hardly even had a chance to try to get to know one another but we still ended up learning a lot. Like how his nose crinkled when he laughed, smiled or got frustrated. Or how he was left-handed. Or even the fact that he could draw. And was damn good at it. I learned he had a love for seafood but couldn't stand spicy food. I knew he had a cat named Toothless that he'd had since he was fifteen because he had to be home by ten every night to feed the thing. I knew he was incredibly smart but focused more on his art than anything else. And I knew just about where every freckle on his face was by memory.

After our project was turned in, I figured that would be it with Hiccup. But not even two days later, he turned up at my door with that crooked smile and Sushi. I couldn't turn him down and the rest is history. Sort of. I mean, we became friends. Pretty good friends. We learned we had mutual friends and that made it even better. But the thing about Hiccup, was he wasn't a party kinda guy. He'd rather spend his nights at home, drawing or something. I managed to get him to come out a few nights and I quickly learned why he didn't like going out.

Men practically threw themselves at him. Woman would too but it was so damn obvious he wasn't interested that they stopped trying after a while. But the men? They never stopped. I wondered how Hiccup handled it but he would just brush them off with a smile and find an excuse to avoid them.

So the boy was adorable. So he was even more adorable when he flashed that smile. He didn't seem to use that to his advantage. I wasn't sure which way he swung for a while until Manny, a mutual friend of ours pointed out the way Hiccup looked at me. I was obvious to the fact that those intensely green eyes were watching me. Always watching me. Once I realized this new information, things quickly clicked together. Hiccup wanted me.

But then again, what else was new? Of course, I wasn't exactly sued to cute little dorky guys being into me but it was still no different than normal. So the boy wanted in my pants? That didn't mean shit. Our friendship didn't change after all. I wasn't some homophobic douchebag or anything. I didn't do anything when he'd casually touch me, hug me or even fall asleep on me. I didn't really think anything about it.

Until about three weeks ago.

I still blamed Sandy and I would always blame him. Who is Sandy? Well he's my damn roommate. He's a quiet guy who doesn't speak much. He only speaks when he has something really important to say. And a month ago, he asked me why Hiccup snuck out of our apartment at four in the morning. Now see, it was one of those drunken nights for me that I didn't exactly remember. So I didn't even know Hiccup had been there or even why he had. So of course, I asked him. He turned really red and just said he met me at the bar and took me home. The texts on my phone proved him to be right and I never thought anything of it.

But then it started to happen a lot. I'd wake up, be it on the couch or my bed, with Hiccup curled against me. Sometimes he was naked, half-naked or fully clothed. It actually became such a normal occurrence that I stopped asking about it. But I didn't fail to notice the look Hiccup gave me every morning before he left. I'd never thought those beautiful eyes could rip out my heart with a single glance. But I couldn't understand why. Why was he looking at me like that? Why was he always looking at me like that? What had I done?

Soon, my thoughts were filled with Hiccup. And I realized, that they always had been. The realization had hit me hard at the time. So hard that Sandy thought I broke my ankle falling down the stairs. Course I was fine but it was obvious he knew. He'd always known. For a quiet guy, He was observant. He just gave me this knowing smile and walked

away, like he didn't even care that I'd come to have feelings for a guy. But that's what true friends did, didn't they? Accepted every little part of you no matter what it was. Especially if they'd already know that little fact for a while.

But Sandy's calm demeanor sure didn't help me. Because I was internally flipping out. I'd come to care for a boy who only wanted my dick. How the hell had I gotten myself into such a mess?

I froze suddenly when I felt Hiccup shift against me. I relaxed my body the best I could and evened out my breathing. It was a habit. Every morning, I woke before Hiccup but I never let him know that. I'd pretend to sleep and he'd just gather his things and leave. I never understood why he did that and honestly, I'd had just about enough of it. But I stayed still and listened as he released a soft sigh.

Hiccup cursed softly under his breath, nuzzling into my shoulder for a moment before he released me. I felt him shift and then his warmth and weight left me. I heard shuffling and knew he was redressing himself. I rolled my eyes behind my closed lids and let out a yawn, stretching my back now that I had the couch to myself. I felt my back crack and my body shook with a pleasant vibe. I licked my lips, smacking them for a few moments before narrowing my eyes. There was a strange taste in my mouth and I wasn't sure what it was. But I had a pretty good guess. Because when I woke up this morning there was one thing that was different than normal.

My pants. They were gone. Usually when I passed out drunk, I passed out in my clothes. That hadn't changed. But now, my pants were gone and my soft dick was hanging out of my boxers. And I felt this oddly strange feeling of being completely satisfied. That was not normal. At all. So I had a few questions for the cute little brunette about to sneak out my door.

I opened my eyes, sitting up as I rubbed a hand through my hair, ruffling it slightly. I glanced at the sneaky little brunette to see him staring at me with wide eyes, his hand on the handle of the door. I just raised an eyebrow at him like nothing was out of the ordinary and shifted to put my feet on the floor.

"Where do you think you're going?" I asked, my voice slightly rough as I shook out my fluffy hair.

Hiccup swallowed hard and released the handle to turn back and face me. "Home?" He answered with a shrug and that crooked smile.

I just stared at him before shaking my head as I got to my feet and stuffed my dick back where it belonged. "Nah, stay. It's Saturday after all." I shuffled into the kitchen, scratching at my stomach as I let out a rather large yawn. "I'm starving. I'm sure I can scrounge up something for breakfast."

"Jack?" His timid voice caught my attention and I paused, glancing over at him. He was standing in front of the door, his bag in one hand as he gave me that look. The one that made my chest clench and my breath disappear.

"Yea?" I answered back a little breathless.

Hiccup bit his lower lip, making me now notice just how torn up it looked. Did he really bite his lip that much? His hands wrung together against his stomach and he shifted his eyes away from me. "Do you remember last night?"

I just perked an eyebrow at him. "Nope. Last thing I remember was... my sixth shot." I chuckled softly as I made my way around the bar and to the fridge. I was reaching for the handle when a loud bang made me jump in surprise. I blinked, spinning around to see Hiccup gone. The space he once occupied was gone and the door was shut. I blinked a few times, letting my shock fade away into confusion.

"The fuck?" I let out a sigh, rubbing a hand over my eyes before turning back to the fridge. But then something caught my eye. Something that was just in the corner and I normally wouldn't have noticed. But I saw white and I knew that hair. It was my hair. I blinked, standing up straight as I stared at the collection of pictures stuck to the fridge.

They were stuck in a cluster and I knew they hadn't been there when I left the night before. My ice blue eyes were wide as I stared at them, my eyes flickering between them all. There were about five of them and it seemed like some type of progression. And it was damn obvious what was going on.

And then it hit me. Like a fucking pile of bricks that fell from the sky. I let out a gasp and stumbled backwards, my back connection with the counter before I slid to the ground. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the pictures but I didn't even need to look at them anymore to know. I remembered. I knew what I had done. I swallowed hard, bringing my knees up as my elbows moved to rest against them. I buried my hands in my hair and closed my eyes tightly.

What the fuck did I do? How long had that been going on? Was it the first time or was it not? But it made sense. It all made fucking sense. The way Hiccup looked at me every time afterwards. Because I didn't remember. But he did. Why the hell hadn't he said anything?! My thoughts clashed together and I found myself unable to even focus on a single thought. But my chest was constricting and I could feel my eyes prickle with tears but I didn't even know what they were for.

But I had said it. I told him I loved him. And he... The things that he said. Had he meant them? Then why hadn't he just said something?!

I snapped my head open when a hand pet my hair softly. Blue connected with gold and for a moment, all I could do was stare into Sandy's eyes. The male had a soft smile on his chubby face. A knowing smile. I narrowed my eyes slightly, glancing at the pictures behind his head before letting out a sigh.

"You took them, didn't you?" He didn't need to answer for me to know the truth. Sandy knew me pretty well. He knew how I got. And apparently, he knew how Hiccup felt. I knew he could be a sneaky bastard but I didn't know he was this good. "How long?"

Sandy shrugged and removed his hand from my head. He stood up straight and tugged a picture off of the fridge before tossing it on the floor between my feet. I tilted my head at him in confusion but

he flashed me a smile and walked away. I sighed softly, resting my head in my hand as I reached between my legs and picked up the picture. Hiccup and I were curled together, facing one another with our hands clasped together. I was sure it was the aftermath and we were both sleeping at the time. But I did notice the shiny wetness under Hiccup's eyes.

"Shit." I quickly scrambled to my feet and grabbed my pants from the living room floor. I stumbled about twice before I finally pulled them up. I stuffed the picture in my back pocket and ran out the door without shoes on. I heard the door slam shut behind me but I ignored it as I took off down the hallway. I ran past the elevator and scrambled down three flights of stairs. By the time I busted through the double doors of my apartment building, I was panting but I didn't stop. I turned left and took off running, hoping, praying, that Hiccup had decided to head home. This was the fastest way after all.

People moved out of my way but I paid them no mind. I skidded around a corner and nearly ran into an old man. I quickly apologized but kept going, biting my lip as I forced myself to run faster. But then, I suddenly skidded to a halt. No way. I spun around, my eyes scanning over the crowd before they landed on the boy leaning back against the side of the café on the corner, his head in his hands.

I almost ran right past him. Well I did. But I noticed before it was too late. I bit my lip and strode up to him but I paused once I reached his side. I could hear his sobs and it made my chest ache slightly. I let out a soft sigh and moved to lean against the brick wall beside him, my hands slipping into my pockets.

"You know Hic, it's kinda rude to just run off like that after such a night of passion."

The brunette's head suddenly snapped up, wide emerald eyes focusing on me. His eyes were glistening with tears and his freckled cheeks were damp with them. "W-What?" He managed to stutter out.

I let out a faint sigh and pulled the picture from my back pocket. I held it out to him and even though he didn't take it, his eyes widened even more when they landed on it. "Sandy took it. He took a few more actually that I'll probably burn later since I don't want other people to see you like that." I shoved the picture back into my pocket before relaxing against the wall. "So yea, I remember now." I let my head fall back so my eyes could focus on the overcast sky. "Tell me, Hic. Was it the first time?"

The brunette sniffled beside me, his hand coming up to whip the tears from his eyes with the back of his sleeve. He was quiet for a moment, seemingly calming himself down. Finally, he settled and looked away from me, rising his eyes to the sky as well. "Not the first time I approached you. But the first time it resulted in anything."

I hummed, nodding as I watched people pass us by. "And you didn't think to tell me because?"

"I figured you wouldn't believe me."

"I mean about your feelings." I glanced at him from the corner of my eye. "How long Hiccup?"

His slightly tanned cheeks flushed red and he glanced to the ground. "A while."

"How long is a while?"

He started to chew on his abused lip again. "Since... Before I ever talked to you."

My eyebrows shot up and I snapped my head to look at him. "Oh really? You mean like, before the project?" He nodded his head, his hair falling into his eyes and I just found it to be a little too cute. "Is that why you picked me?" He didn't answer. But he didn't have to. I knew the answer already. "Right." I lifted my hand to place it atop his head, feeling his soft hair. "Well, you know, You should have said something."

"I did. You just never remembered."

"You could have said something when I wasn't drunk, Hic."

"It's not exactly easy to tell your new straight friend that you're in love with him." He snapped at me, his eyes narrowed as he finally met mine.

"Who said I was straight?" I nipped back.

"Please Jack. I'm not stupid. I knew from the moment I saw you what you liked."

"I thought you've gotten to know me better than that." I glanced away from him, removing my hand from his head to stuff it into my pocket again. "I'm not that judgemental, Hic. I've known you were gay for a while now. And, I've known you liked me for a little while." His head snapped up at me again, a flash of anger crossing his face. "And," I cut him off before he could say anything, "I never said anything because I was waiting for you. So, this is both of our faults." I let out a sigh. "You heard what I said last night, Hic. It's not really something I've accepted yet, but obviously it's true. So, I don't know, You want to go get breakfast?"

For a moment, Hiccup only stared at me. I could feel my pale cheeks flush but I didn't break the gaze. His eyes searched mine and I could see the questions in them. I figured, I could answer them at breakfast. My stomach was rumbling as it was. I let out a sigh at his silence and pushed off the wall, holding my hand out to him. He stared at it for a moment, his nose crinkling in that cute way. "Date?" He questioned softly.

I let out a faint chuckle and nodded. "Yea. Come on, Hic."

Hiccup smiled that crooked smile that I'd pretty much fallen for and he slipped his hand into mine. "Fine. But you know, why don't you make me breakfast? You don't have any shoes on and I could really use a shower."

I just chuckled, linking our fingers together as I lead him back toward my apartment. "Fine, Fine. I'll cook you something. But don't expect anything fancy, dragon boy."

Hiccup chuckled softly at me, pressing against my arm as he smiled at me causing my heart to leap slightly in my chest. Okay, so I wasn't sure what was going to happen. I'd never dated a guy before. I never wanted to before. But Hiccup... He was different. I'd known it since i met the kid. I never thought things would take this turn but I wasn't one to fight the natural flow of the world. And besides. I loved that damn crooked smile of his. Especially when it was focused on me.

* * *

><p>Thank you for reading. I feel like it was kinda crappy but I think it worked out well. Now, I don't plan on writing more to this. That's the end. Happy ever after yea? The start of something new.

****Don't forget to review.****

****It means a lot.****

****Thanks again!****

****~Addy~****

End
file.